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ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following hitherto unpublished lines, *Mrs. Editor*, written by a lady of Connecticut, having fallen into my hands, I send them to you for insertion. Their beauty will ensure them the commendation of taste and feeling.

X. Y. X.

To Mrs. Editor, written after passing a few hours with her previous to her return to Philadelphia.

O thou who like a gleam of light,
Aerom my path of swifly flow;
I met thee, but to mark thy flight,
And saw thee, but to say adieu,
Like heaven's bright bow, or glory's dream,
That shine, attract, and are not;
As quick thy flight, as bright thy beam,
But not like those to be forgot.

Though swift Oblivion's waters roll,
And few our interviews have been,
Thy memory on my willing soul,
Is 'graved' by friendship's diamond pen.

The common sympathies that bind
Young hearts, are broke by every blast;
But friendship, that is built on mind,
Long as the mind endures shall last.

I know thy generous bosom bears
A heart as liberal as space;
And well such sparkling thought declares
The richness of its dwelling place.

Yet go—where Penn's proud city spreads
Sublime, her white, commercial key,
And Del'ware's foaming waves are led
Along the noble bay to sea.

All that can captivate the heart,
Or warm enlighten'd soul, is there;
Wonders of nature—works of art,
Demand thee to thy native air.

Then go—perchance we meet no more
In scenes of pleasure joy and we;
In parting as before,
Our disconnected feet may go.

But when Heaven's Angel from these shores
Thy late-demanded soul shall bear;
I'll meet thee at the Eternal Doors,
And be thy Sister Spirit there. F. M. C.

MUSIC.

MUSIC, like the morning light,
Breaks upon the opening day,
Chasing far the gloom of night,
With her soft effulgent ray.

MUSIC, like the tender sigh
From a maiden's virtuous breast,
Or the tear from beauty's eye,
Falls upon the heart distress'd.

MUSIC, like the ocean's mourn,
Spreads afar her solemn notes;
Or the breeze at early morn,
As on the ambient air it floats.

MUSIC, like the promise given
From the skies to man below—
Music, like the voice of heaven,
Soothes the heart oppress'd with woe.

MUSIC, like the still small voice
Of conscience, free from every pain,
Music, bids the soul rejoice,
In her sweet harmonic strain.

SYLVAN.

TO ELIZA.

Oh! console me not that from wisdom I stray,
That I drink of the caroling-bird's song;
The arrow of scorn makes my bosom its prey,
Thy reproachful looks deep in my soul;
Hast thou not been true to the faith that was true?
My heart had not wander'd, unconstant, from thee;
Had not sought for delight in the rustic crowd,
Nor at the flash of intemperance bow'd,
From the bed of this passion to flee.

'Twas thine to lay waste the calm sunshine of joy
That dawn'd upon life's early day;
Thy kind words had shown the deep prospects of bliss to destroy,
Thy kindness had shown in one that's more dear—
Thy eyes were now pined to one that's more dear—
Another perhaps now deceiving thy love—
May his breast ne'er be clouded by doubt or by fear,
May the rich flow of feeling's joy, bosoms still cheer,
And guide you to regions above.

But blame not the fault of a soul that's allied
To the wrongs of a passion to true;
If it weeps in the cup of oblivion to hide,
Thy faithful, my truth from its view,
I would drive me to madness to think upon all
The nothing endurances thy tenderness gave;
Then, know thee, as faithful—thy tale was recall—
The curtain of death o'er my senses would fall,
And ask this lone heart to the grave.

ANTHONY.

TO P. OF NATCHEZ.

Ah! little think you, when you hear
My moaning minstrelsy,
That I so often shed the tear
Of mourning misery;
And little think you, when you feel
The magic of my lyre,
That sorrow doth so often steal
To bathe the warbling wire.

I wander in the world unknown
Where streams of friendship flow,
Do not to me—dwell alone,
And weep o'er all my woe;
Yet I have felt the sunny beam
When life stole smooth along;
But 'twas a cheating, changing dream,
That 'twas the child of song.

I stray in fields, in forests far,
Thro' groves and gayer bowers;
But retrospection, like the star,
Still points to memory's hours.

I clamber on the rugged rock
To hear the ocean roar;
But ev'n that grandeur seems to mock
Those joys which are no more.
My harp unstrung, neglected lies,
'Neath yon lone churchyard spire;
Slow thro' its strings the north-wind sighs,
And sweeps the Lydian lyre:
I sing to beauty, when I sit
On yon green grave so low:
No more—'twas on that rock I split;
I am the child of woe.

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A TALE.

The father of Charles Pendleton had been long engaged in commercial pursuits, but having accumulated a sufficient fortune, and retiring from the busy scenes of a mercantile life, he removed to his seat in the country, resolved to devote his attention to the education of the youthful Charles, and his still younger sister. A private instructor was employed, and so rapid was proficiency made by Charles, that while it excited the surprise, it filled the heart of the parent with the most pleasing anticipations. At length the years of infancy and childhood passed away, and Charles was found amply prepared to commence his collegiate course. His talents could not long remain concealed, and soon after his admission into college he evinced them to be of the first order. His disposition too, was most kind and amiable. In him, the oppressed were sure to find an advocate—and when an opportunity presented to relieve the wants of the unfortunate, he seized with heartfelt satisfaction; he was remarkable also for the scrupulous exactness with which he discharged a promise, nor was he ever known to deviate in the slightest degree from a course of the strictest honor. Yet, with those noble qualifications he possessed one fault, which, although perhaps not unpardonable, was still a source of grief to his friends, and sufficient to embitter many moments of a life that otherwise might have passed without one feeling of remorse or melancholy. In a moment of excitement, reason would forsake her dominion over him, and he would at once surrender himself up to the ungovernable fury of his passions. He was sensible of the danger to which he was thus exposed, and he strove, by presenting himself with every motive his imagination could suggest, to correct this unhappy propensity; but strange as it may appear, his efforts were fruitless, and it seemed beyond the power of man wholly to eradicate this dangerous passion. Still he retained his place in the affections of his associates, for, although they beheld these intemperate sallies of rage, they beheld him also when reason had resumed her empire, they perceived him overwhelmed with sorrow, and they could not withhold their pity. It was while a prodigy became acquainted with Edward M., a student in many respects the exact counterpart of Charles. They were each of an ardent temper, and were alike susceptible of all the tender emotions of the soul. An intimacy was contracted between them, which soon increased to the warmest friendship, and the enjoyment of each other's society, they felt a satisfaction which nothing else could afford. By a kind and tender sympathy the woes of life were in some degree alleviated, for they rejoiced in each other's prosperity, and when the hand of misfortune was heavy upon one, it imparted grief also to his companion. In the autumn of 1812, Edward with his friend repaired to the dwelling of the latter, that they might together spend the ensuing vacation. They had anticipated the utmost pleasure on this occasion, and anxiously awaited its approach. Emily, the sister of Charles, was now in the bloom of youth, remarkable for her beauty, to which she added a degree of intelligence which rendered her company peculiarly attractive. Edward beheld her, and—"to see her was to love her."

His passion was reciprocated on her part, and Charles saw with pleasure their mutual love. He knew the sterling virtue of Edward, and wished for his sister no better companion than the friend of his heart. At this time, as it is well known, the demon of party rage uncontrolled, preying upon the very vitals of our distressed country, and destroying the sweets of social life. Unfortunately the friends had espoused different sides in this political contest, but each one, knowing the impetuosity of his temper had carefully abstained from a topic which they plainly foresaw must endanger their friendship, and perhaps lead to consequences still more to be dreaded. But it was destined that this silence should not be interrupted, and that the ties of friendship, by which they had been so long connected, should be broken forever. A gentleman who resided in the vicinity, had one day called upon Mr. Pendleton; their conversation turned upon the situation of the country, and of the factions that disturbed its domestic peace. Charles at this moment was absent, and Edward taking part in the conversation, had the misfortune to differ in opinion from the gentleman, and considerable earnestness was manifested by both—at this crisis Charles entered the room, and for a moment listened to the dispute. His friend advanced sentiments at which his mind revolted, and, from the impulse of the moment, he replied to him with much vehemence. The father of Charles interposed, and endeavored to allay the storm which he saw commencing; but in vain, their anger continued to increase, and soon arrived at such a height that they so far forgot the respect they owed themselves and each other, as to indulge in the grossest personalities, and it was found necessary, in order to prevent them from proceeding to open violence, to make use of force in compelling Charles to leave the room. They again met at the tea table, where Emily beheld with anxiety their coldness, and endeavored by her lively conversation to divert their minds, and effect a reconciliation. But this she was unable to accomplish. The epithets of racial and villain which they had so liberally bestowed, still sounded in their ears, and the remembrance rankled their indignation. After they had left the table, Charles withdrew to his apartment, from whence he soon transmitted a challenge to his former friend—the challenge was accepted, and they agreed to meet the following morning in a wood about a mile distant from the residence of Mr. Pendleton. Accordingly they repaired to the place of rendezvous, unattended, that their object of reconciliation, which they had so vainly attempted, might not be suspected—they immediately prepared for the fatal encounter—the tear stood in the eye of Charles as he beheld his friend, and reflected upon their former intimacy and their deadly purpose, for the voice

of nature was not wholly stifled, but feelings of tenderness still clustered around his heart and forbade him to shed the blood of his friend, but he felt that he had now gone too far to recede, his ideas of honor demanded the sacrifice, and he determined to obey its dictates. Edward was much agitated. The thought of Emily, and the distress that would rend her heart, if her brother should fall by his hand, rushed upon his recollections, and had well nigh overpowered his resolution—but he did not consider himself as the aggressor—he had accepted the challenge, and his insulted pride urged him onward. The features of Charles were a deathlike paleness that plainly evinced the anguish of his soul; he trembled as he stood upon the brink of time, and contemplated a shoreless eternity, but the die was cast, and he dismissed all hopes of a reconciliation. They bade each other farewell, and proceeded to execute their purpose—their faces were turned from each other, when suddenly, a sportsman in an adjoining thicket, discharged his fowling piece, the bullet whistled by the head of Charles, who instantly turned around. Instead of the paleness that his countenance had before exhibited, it was flushed with indignation—he thought that Edward had been guilty of this dishonorable attempt upon his life, and in a transport of fury, he lodged the contents of his pistol in the body of his friend. Edward fell, and falling he glanced at Charles' look of reproach mingled with compassion, and immediately expired. Charles saw his mistake, and sunk insensible to the ground. From this situation he was aroused by a shriek, and raising his eyes, he beheld his father and sister approaching. Mr. Pendleton and his daughter had suspected their intention, and had been for some time in search of them, at length they were directed to the spot by the report of the pistol—Emily recognized the lifeless body of her lover, and her grief knew no bounds; she upbraided her brother with his guilt, and implicated upon his head the vengeance of heaven. Charles remained silent, he would not attempt to vindicate his conduct, for he well knew his crime admitted of no palliation. With the assistance of others, Mr. Pendleton conducted home his unhappy children. Her excessive grief had brought upon Emily a delirium, from which she never recovered, and she survived the unfortunate Edward, but a few months. Life now presented to Charles no allurement, and the prospect before him was cheerless and gloomy—he had involved his family in ruin and disgrace, had slain his friend, and laid his sister in an untimely grave. He, therefore, determined to offer up, on the altar of his country, a life that was a burden to himself, and useless to society. Accordingly he entered the army, where he courted death in every coil, and at length poured out his blood on the well fought field of Bridgeport.

K. O. T.

LEGEND OF LOVE.

Near Rouen, in Normandy, upon a hill of considerable height, stands a religious chapel, whose walls, decorated by time, and trees and vines covered with a black and white ivy, its antiquity is called "The Priory of the Two Lovers." There is some thing extremely interesting and peculiarly affecting in the events that occasioned its erection; they have all the attractive characteristics of romantic fiction, with the engaging and touching influence which exclusively belongs to truth.

In the 12th century, when the feudal system existed in all its debasing rigidity, this part of the country was under the sway of a baron, distinguished for the haughtiness and capricious cruelty of his disposition; he delighted in brutal displays of power, imposed services upon his vassals the most whimsical and degrading, visiting delinquency with punishment, the severity of which bordered upon ferocity, and, in fine, indulged with exultation in every thing which served to exhibit his consciousness of superiority, and his contempt for the unfortunate beings in subservience to him. Such was the character of too many of the feudal lords: the natural consequence of a system investing men with exorbitant power over their fellows.

The Baron possessed an only daughter, in every respect unlike himself, the exquisite beauty of her person was only equalled by the sweetness of her disposition, and the amiability of her manners. Her father loved her with all the fondness such a being was capable of, and desired to see her united to a noble of rank and wealth. A young Chevalier greatly her inferior in birth and fortune, but possessed of a true nobility of soul, saw and loved her. The Baron's fair daughter was not insensible to his merits, she preferred him to the crowd of lordlings who hovered around her, desiring her favorable smile upon their professions of regard. Knowing the character of her father, and conscious that she never could be his, the Chevalier prudently concealed his passion from all "save the sacred eye of faithful love." In a stolen interview, the object of his affection acknowledged a reciprocal attachment. One day as the Chevalier was expressing the ardor and sincerity of his passion,

—like the strolcher,
Of summer wind that once weathed shells,
Each sweet word, each earnest feeling
Of all her soul, echoed to his spell."

The Baron, who ever watchful over his daughter, suspected some secret attachment, came upon them. The mutual tenderness and confusion expressed in their countenances, filled him with rage—his frame shook with emotion—his eyes gleamed furiously upon the Chevalier, and some act of violence would have been the inevitable consequence, had not his beautiful daughter, her eyes suffused with tears, thrown herself at his feet imploring him to pardon her lover, and expressing her fixed determination not to survive his death. The stern Baron was moved, but the indomitable capriciousness of his temper was still predominant. "Young man," he said, "you have presumptuously dared to aspire to the hand of my daughter—what extravagance in you to think of such a thing one moment—however she is your wife but upon one condition only: you must convey her in your arms to the top of yonder hill" (pointing to one which rose rather steeply near his castle) "without resting, but if you rest—say! for one moment, you lose her forever." Fired with the idea of possessing her he loved so ardently, the danger and toil seemed trivial, success appeared certain in the mind of the Chevalier. A large concourse of vassals assembled to behold this singular and barbarous exhibition. The Chevalier seized the beautiful girl in his arms, rushed to the hill and ascended it with astonishing rapidity. Trembling with apprehension, and fearful that he would exhaust his strength by his vehemence, she tenderly urged him to repress his eagerness. "Fear nothing my

dearest," says he, "I will triumph; I will reach the top"—he panted from the ardency of his exertions, the summit of the hill was still far above them—nature had almost yielded, but the pressure, the passionate accents of his lovely betrothed, and new strength. "She shall be mine," he said, "its weakness from his lips—its vigor, and he persevered in his ascent. Again and again he fell, and fallen to the ground through the fatigue of fatigue—again and again his heroic efforts in ascending were almost superhuman; like a man struggling with the waves, conscious that a suspension of exertion would inevitably consign him to a watery grave, so toiled the Chevalier. At length, the exulting shouts of the vassals announced that he had gained the summit. The victor is bled on the top of the hill—he sinks to the ground with his beautiful prize in his arms. "O my love, now my husband, you have succeeded," exclaimed she. No answer was returned to her expressions of passion. Extricating herself from his arms, she gazed upon his countenance—a deathlike paleness was spread over it—his eyes, that so lately beamed with the ardour of love, were closed—"He is dead!" she shrieked out—the sound of her voice appeared to revive him, and he half opened his eyes—supporting him with her arm, she made impatient signals to the vassals who, having seen the Chevalier fall, had hastened to his assistance. As they ascended the hill, a stifled murmur of indignation rose from them, admiring the generous spirit and ardent love of the Chevalier for his amiable mistress, and detesting the cruelty of their lord; they dared not, however, give vent to their feelings—their aid was needless—the eyes of the Chevalier again closed—his lips convulsively quivered—his hand fell upon the bosom of his beautiful girl—the hand of death was laid upon him—he gave one look upon his cold and lifeless features, uttered a slight groan and sunk down by him.

The Baron saw his daughter sink to the ground, and ran towards the hill; he arrived, and beheld her form extended by the side of her lover—his vain did he clasp her in his arms, calling upon her to give him one glance of forgiveness—in vain did he hear her hair in agony—the spark of life was extinct—by the side of her lover's body had she breathed out her faithful soul. The vassals mutely gazed upon the body of her lover ever regarded with reverence and affection: their countenances were more expressive "of sorrow than of anger." They bore the Baron half distracted from the spot, when the violence of his grief had in some degree abated. To ease his troubled conscience, and as a melancholy consolation, he caused a chapel to be erected there. The bodies of the lovers were placed in one tomb—they were laid side by side—and those whose union, when living, the envious fates had denied, were now divided in death. The tear will often gladden in the eye of the peasant girl of Normandy, as she points to the tall hill, and relates the story of the two unfortunate lovers.

"As I have always been averse to early marriages, and never considered a female under the age of twenty or twenty-five as capable of performing the duties of a wife, I was resolved not to enter the marriage state until I arrived at the age of thirty. Such has been my determination, that, though I have had very interesting suitors, I could not be tempted to change my situation, and as that interesting period has now arrived, I find myself without one single suitor. Now, as I cannot bear the thoughts of dying an old maid, I earnestly entreat some of your charitable correspondents to advise me what measures to pursue. I have frequently seen advertisements in your paper for wives, and if there are any of your correspondents at this present time, in the same exigency, there may probably be a chance on both sides. But yet there is another difficulty arising, the gentleman that I should select as my choice must not be more than five years my superior in age, for there is nothing so odious to me as to see a man fifteen or twenty years older than his wife; so great a disparity of years on either side must certainly be a sacrifice of affection. As to personal attractions, an agreeable looking person, a hearty smile of form or face, and it is highly necessary that his circumstances should be easy. T. H.

[Where is HATCHERMAN, GELLES, and the whole tribe of single gentlemen. If either of them desires to unite his destinies to those of a deserving female, let him come forth and no longer shroud his pretensions to a better state behind the gauze of gall. Our situation will not allow us to take a very active part in furthering the views of our correspondent T. H. But what little service we can render in promoting this matrimonial enterprise we shall cheerfully have, and we hope the result may prove propitious to her wish.]

The following beautiful extract is from the writings of Mr. Wirt, formerly attorney general of the United States.

"It was on Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, (Va.) that my eye was caught by a cluster of houses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling in these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship."

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions that touched my heart, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon the apostles appeared and more touched with holy fire than were those of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, the subject was of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times. I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give the subject a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he concluded true to the point to attribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, more than human solemnity in his utterance, which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour, his trial before Pilate, his ascent up Calvary, his crucifixion and death—I knew the whole history, but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the face of the Jew; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage—we saw the buffet, my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched. But when he came to touch on the sufferings of the Saviour, when he said, "when he drew to the life, his blood was streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing in a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies." Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!—the voice of the preacher, which had all along filtered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handskerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and inexpressible flood of grief.

A whole house resounded with the mingled groans, the sobs and shrieks of the congregation. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but allusion standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to lead down his audience from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and

dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no, the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the assemblage, was a quotation from Hoseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness constantly calling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melody of a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

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PETER SINGLE.

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of the city of Philadelphia, France, entirely of cast iron, upon a beautiful model.

At the recent election in the county of Louth, Ireland, the voters for one of the candidates, Foster, were brought out on carts, loaded with soldiers, who, by the aid of a few papers of the 10th ult., states that on the 24, a fight took place at Marseilles between some American and Spanish—many of them were wounded—John Cook, of the Canton, was killed, being stabbed with a knife.

In consequence of the many evils arising from the use of adulterated wine and milk in Paris, the Prefect has appointed eight inspectors who are required to be well acquainted with chemistry, and to be provided with instruments for detecting adulterations in the articles.

Opposition in coaches sometimes run to great lengths, and the mania has reached the point where the passengers in the steam packet between Cork and Bristol, are supplied with provisions gratis!!!

The result of the late elections for the new British Parliament has inspired the friends of Catholic emancipation with renewed hopes of success. It is said that a majority of the House of Commons will be in favor of an emancipation bill—and it now appears evident that the question will again be strenuously agitated in the new Parliament.

According to an article in the London Journal of arts and sciences, for the month of July, it appears there are at present one hundred manufacturers in France devoted to the making of sugar from the beet root. The quantity of sugar actually prepared is estimated at from four to five millions of pounds.

The widow of the celebrated Lord Erskine appeared a few days ago at the Mansion House in London, as a petitioner to the Lord Mayor for pecuniary relief. She gave a melancholy history of her sufferings and distress. The Lord Mayor gave her a sum to relieve her present distresses. Subscriptions have been sent in by the charitable. She was shabbily dressed. [In making this statement we ought to inform our readers that lady Erskine is a woman of low birth, who long lived under the protection of Lord Erskine, and to whom, in a fit of foolish desire, he was married a short time before his death. She had been well provided for, but in consequence of her excessive idleness, the trustees, Lords Rosslyn and Buccleugh, refused to have anything to do with her.]

A curious trial took place at Agen, in France, a few days ago. A Mr. Ines-Bazelle, a respectable merchant, being at the Circus of that place during the performance of a piece in which a young Greek was heroically defending a standard, in the enthusiasm of the moment, shouted aloud, "Long live the Greeks in spite of the Government, and death to the Turks!!" For this offence he was arrested and brought before the Tribunal, the officer of the Crown deeming that he should be fined and imprisoned. The jury, however, without hesitation acquitted him.

There is a person residing in the neighborhood of Kinkaid, who wears a coat the age of which is no less than 126 years. It was the coat worn by his father on his wedding day, bequeathed to the son, and served the same useful purpose on the like occasion for its present possessor. The wearer of this ancient garment is aged 89, and has worn the same chiefly for his Sunday's coat for more than 50 years!

Isaac Gaskill, of Bolton, stood penance in a white sheet and without shoes and stockings, in the parish church of that village, on Sunday the second of July, during the whole morning service, agreeably to an order from the ecclesiastical court, for having married the sister of his former wife, soon after her decease. The ceremony, which attracted a great crowd of witnesses, was to be repeated the two following Sundays.

A little boy, nine or ten years of age, was called as a witness at a trial at Cambridge, England. After the oath was administered, the Chief Justice, with a view of ascertaining whether the boy was sensible of the nature and importance of an oath, addressed him, "Little boy, do you know what you have been doing?" "Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I have been keeping boys for Mr. Barendt."

Recent Deaths in Ireland.—Mr. Henry Sykes, of Ballycullane, county of Limerick, at the advanced age of 115 years. He retained his faculties to the last, and walked to chapel (a short distance) every Sunday, till within the last fortnight.

At Balock, Samuel Robb, aged 115. He left behind him 9 children, 63 grand children, upwards of 200 great grand children, and a great great grand child.

At Ardara, in the county of Carlow, having attained the very advanced age of 102 years, Mr. Gabriel Thorpe, uncle to the late Alderman Thorpe, of Dublin.

The Drama.

The splendid new Theatre building in the Bowery, at New York, is in rapid progress, and will be completed about the first of October, when it will be opened under the acting management of Mr. Barrett, who with his family, is engaged for the season. It should not be forgotten that a premium of \$100 is offered for the best address on the opening of this theatre, and that it should be forwarded by the above mentioned time. Mr. and Mrs. Duff are engaged for the winter at the Chatham Theatre, N. Y.

The Park Theatre, N. Y., after undergoing various improvements, and having annexed to the stage a new and splendid dress curtain, is announced to open on Monday next, with several permanent additions to the old company.

A large portion of the corps of the Park Theatre have been performing in Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes have recently completed a short engagement at Montreal. The houses were crowded, particularly on their recent nights. They are now performing at Quebec. Mr. Leach, with Messrs. Lee and Packer, and Mrs. Riddle, are now fulfilling a second engagement at Montreal. The houses continue crowded. This is the first season that theatrical talent, in any considerable number, has been attracted to Canada.

The Albany Theatre, with all its scenery is advertised to be let in possession again immediately.

It appears that Mr. Wallace has not succeeded in his theatrical engagement in Albany. The Liverpool papers state that Mr. Price has been to the city of London on the 24th July for business and to return immediately with his friend to Drury Lane. The papers continue to state that Mr. P. is to be manager of Drury Lane, and that he has engaged Macready, Matthews, and Stephens, and Liston. The reason why Mr. P. has declined the lease of Drury Lane is in consequence of the extraordinary binding clauses it contains. He cannot remove a stick from the premises, although he may expend \$25,000 on the premises. The lease bids a dozen articles of parchment. Mr. Macready (the English) was to sail from Liverpool to New York, about the 1st of September.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1826.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
"THE COQUETTE," an original tale, shall be published. The last part of the signature will be erased—it is certainly a misnomer in the application of terms.

"MISANTHROPIC REMINISCENCES, No. 1," promises to be useful. There are a class of querulous unmeaning rogues in the literary world who richly deserve the satirical lash—it is annoying to be obliged to have their unreasonable sallies buzzing in your ears without any chance to escape from them.

An Essay "ON DEATH," an important topic of reflection to all classes of readers, has been received from V*****.

The account of "A Pleasant Tour," will be inserted, with some slight corrections, next week.

"A Petition" does not possess internal evidence of being the coinage of a very "even hand," though we have the writer's word for it. Many of the allusions, indeed, are common place, and rather indelicate. The subject is a good one, but has been poorly managed.

The request of a subscriber "West of the Mountains," will be attended to.

"To Laura," a song, may be suited for the circles in which it has been sung and applauded—but the writer is mistaken if he thinks it will appear well in print.

What is poetry? If our opinion will stand good in this question, we believe the writer who puts this question to be incapable of methodically defining it. It requires the pencil of a master to do it justice.

"Change and alteration," it has been said, are marked as the fate of all things human, and what we feel is the fate of individuals, experience shows us, is the destiny of Empires. We are able to remark not only the rise and progress of nations, together with their decline, but we see, indeed, that they partake so close of the vicissitudes of individuals, that sorrow and joy, mourning and rejoicing, may become as much national acts as personal or individual experiences. When the guest of our republic sat at our public board, gladness and a demonstration of public rejoicings was due not more to the feelings of the illustrious man who called them forth, than they were to the real sensations of every individual who constituted a component part of the nation—it was the carnival of our best feelings, or most felicitous sensations—and it would have been an outrage to our nature to assume a sombre appearance—the expression of exultation was not more a credit to our feelings of gratitude than to our ingenuousness—the nation received into its arms, its early, its efficient benefactor—would coldness—would formality—would even partial rejoicings have become the event?—The good sense of the people and their conduct have already answered.

This year, the great and good are called to their high reward. Men to whom the nation owed a long and heavy arrears of gratitude, have been taken to scenes where age and its infirmities have no entrance. From Georgia to Maine, from the Atlantic to the Lakes, men have, with a magnanimity that will be the credit of republics, laid aside the feelings of party, and felt, and expressed the sensations of citizens. The pomp and circumstances of public bereavement have been manifested—public obligations to the individuals have been proclaimed from the desk and the forum, and not a voice has been raised to dissent from this national manifestation of respect and gratitude—these two instances of public sympathy on the part of our whole country may be considered among the most conclusive proofs of national attachment, of that just tone of feeling that is becoming our federative republic, and which promises permanency and stability to its institutions.

PAINE.—It has been announced in the public papers, that the late Thomas Paine left at his death, in the possession of Mr. Jefferson, a manuscript paper entitled "The Religion of the Sun." Some calls have been made by different editors for a publication of this treatise, should it be found among the relics at Monticello. Every production of Paine would excite attention in this country and obtain numerous readers, hence it may be supposed that the call for the work would be considered very general. We are among those who believe that Thomas Paine was instrumental of some good, in awakening the minds of our citizens to the great subject of political independence, during the Revolution; for such a temperate admirably calculated for such a season; he wrote with great facility, he asserted roundly, and seldom regarded the means, where the ends were likely to be obtained. People may be excited to virtuous acts by illegitimate means; they will be spurred to an exercise of rights by language, and assertions, which, on examining with the coolness of deliberation, they will find specious and unfounded; the excitement of the moment will forbid scrutiny, and the consequences of that excitement, having proved beneficial, they will not condemn publicly the cause. Something like this has been the case with the political productions of Paine; they appeared, as we have already stated, at a peculiar period—something was necessary to produce even an unnatural excitement; some means were necessary to carry beyond the bounds which ordinary occasions would place, the animosity of our people against the acts of England and the institutions of a monarchical government. Paine essayed the task, and disliking him as we do, we are ready to acknowledge that he was eminently successful, and deserved for those exertions, and especially for their success, the gratitude of Republicans. But it is to be feared that the popularity of, and we may add, the advantages which really arose from, his works on politics, have served to create too great a charity for him as the author of irreligious publications, works aimed confessedly at the foundation of Christianity—a scheme, upon which the manners and morals, and, we most confidently believe, the happiness of our country are founded. "The influence of the age of Reason" upon the public mind, was, it is a matter of notoriety, most pernicious—and now before these baneful effects are fully

counteracted by the salutary influence of inquiry and truth, it is asked that another flood gate of demagogical arguments and speciously blasphemous reasoning be hoisted to inundate the public mind with times of skepticism and irreligion. Vice is sufficiently tolerated, we apprehend, without having it fostered by special acts either of legislative or public expression of will—and we think it becoming the citizens of our country, those who can distinguish between causes and effects, and discover how one produces the other, those especially who understand the intimate connection between individual virtue and national freedom, to close every avenue to vice, and exhort to the baneful operation of atheistical misma. Give us vice enough and we shall be prepared for slavery.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

A new post office has been established at Byberry Cross Roads, Philadelphia county, by Mr. P. H. Bunch appointed Post-master. Editors or newspaper intended for this office should be directed, via Bustleton, and will reach their destination on Tuesday afternoon. During the thunder storm of Sunday afternoon, the ship Nimrod, lying at South-street wharf, was struck by lightning, which did considerable damage to the foremast.

A great quarry of beautiful white marble has been discovered at Yonkers, in Westchester county, close to the river, and only two miles from the city of New York. It yields readily to the chisel and takes a fine polish. It is considered as a very valuable discovery.

The copper mines in Somerset county, in New Jersey, are now reported to be worked to advantage, and with the prospect of much profit. The ore yields from 50 to 65 per cent, and there are indications of silver and gold. The galleries extend several thousand feet.

Jerah Stone, of New Jersey, has constructed a steam gun, which he discharges two hundred times a minute. It weighs 200 cwt, is transported on wheels, and throws a ball with great force. He has also constructed a fowling piece, which, with powder and ball, he discharges fifteen times a minute.

Captain Jones, of the U. S. Navy, and Lady, have arrived at New York. The lady will sail very shortly for the Pacific, under command of Captain J.

The Winyaw (S. C.) Intelligencer of the 9th inst. says—"A letter has been received in this town, from a gentleman at Waccamaw, stating that Col. McNeil had been honorably acquitted of the charges preferred against him before the Court Martial now sitting at Green Bay, of which Gen. Brady is President.

A young man named Fanning was killed at Baltimore on the 16th inst. by a kick in the side received in a fight with another youth. In England, where fighting is reduced to rule this would be considered murder, but in this country it would be regarded in many a laughing matter.

The New Orleans papers contain very severe censures upon Mr. Hoffnagel, the Mayor of that city, for suffering the duel in which young Canonge killed his antagonist. He was, it is inferred, informed of the intention of Canonge, and when he was brought before him \$500 was the amount of his bonds to keep the peace.

Counterfeits of the denomination of 5, 10 and 20 dollars, purporting to be of the State Bank of California, are in circulation and are said to be well engrained.

The canal boat Montgomery from Buffalo, passed Little Falls, a few days since, with a cargo of heavier and other furs, valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

It is calculated that there are now 774 Episcopal Clergy in the United States; and that within the last twelve years the number of Bishops and Clergy, have nearly, if not quite, doubled.

Mr. Weston, of the city of New York, has invented a kind of various brilliant colors; red, blue, black, &c. For fanciful writing it is beautiful.

A map of the six New England States, on a scale of 8 miles to an inch, including the boundary lines of all the counties and towns, the principal streams, roads, bridges, churches, villages, and various other objects, has been announced as nearly ready for publication.

A country paper states that the heat was so great on the 15th ult. that the sun roasted the apples on the trees, so as to be fit for use!

From Georgia, we learn that the governor had called together the surveyors, appointed under an act passed on the 10th of March last, with a view, as supposed, to commencing the survey of the lands included within that territory.

Four of the Power Printing Presses invented by Mr. Treaswell, of Boston, are in use by Mr. Farinham, for Fract Society, New-York. They are kept in motion by a small Steam Engine made by Mr. Isaac Jenning, of N. Y. They go about twice as fast as the common Press.

The honorary degree of LL. D. has been conferred on Alexander H. Everett, Esq. Minister at the Court of Spain, by the University of Vermont.

The Gold Country of North Carolina, extends over 1500 square miles, in which there are five mines. The largest mass of gold ever found in this state, was dug up by a negro. It weighed 28 pounds, and sold for \$3000.

In consequence of several resignations, there are now no more than eleven candidates for governor in Vermont.

It is stated in the Kentucky Argus that a convict in the penitentiary, named Edmund Johnson, was lately stabbed to the heart by a fellow convict named Thomas Bradley.

The New York Courier was discontinued last Saturday, and merged in the Mirror, edited by G. P. Morris.

It is stated in a Montreal paper, of July 27, that the jail in that city was, at that time, so full of prisoners, as scarcely to afford room for the admission of another.

The Saratoga Sentinel of the 15th instant, computes the number of visitors there at that place at not less than 12000, and large parties daily expected. Captain Symmes was amongst the crowd lecturing on the principles of his theory of the earth.

The Hon. John Forsyth, of Georgia, is to be supported as a candidate for Governor of that state, to succeed Gov. Troup, who, we believe, declines a re-election.

It is stated that President Riddle, of U. S. Bank, is on a tour of examination among the branches of that institution. He is accompanied by two officers of the bank.

It is said that Mr. Simcoe Guilford, a canal engineer, has discovered the materials of which the Roman cement was composed, and has taken out a patent for the composition at Washington.

The caterpillar has commenced its ravages on the cotton crops in the south part of Georgia.

On Thursday week the large and extensive merchant mill, belonging to the Messrs. Tyson, of Baltimore, and situated at York Haven, on the Susquehanna, were entirely destroyed by fire, together with a quantity of grain, &c.

It is stated in the New-York Advocate, that the Rev. Mr. Dubois, the Superior of the Seminary at Kemettsburgh, has been nominated, by the See of Rome, Roman Catholic Bishop of New-York.

A crane, measuring six feet two inches from the tip of its wings, but one inch from tip of bill to toes, was killed at Greenfield, Mass. a few days since. The bill was seven inches long.

The National Journal, says, "we understand that the resignation of Captain David Porter has been accepted."

The loss sustained in the county of Burlington, N. J. by the late freshet is estimated at \$30,000.

A silver mine has, it seems, been discovered in Adams county, in this state, and an attempt is making to form a company to work it.

The Exporter paper mentions the death of Col. Prescott, a very distinguished Revolutionary officer—one who fought under Gen. La Fayette, and came to Boston to see him on his late visit. Col. T. was one of the Electors of President on a late occasion.

8412 emigrants have arrived at Quebec this year between the 1st of January and the 3d August, being 194 more than arrived during the same period last year.

There is a burning coal mine near Greensburg, Penn. over thirty years old, that is yet serviceable.

Nearly two hundred sail of large and small vessels left Boston Harbor on the 20th instant. Sixty-six boats pass through the locks at the canal opposite Norristown, from the 14th to the 20th instant.

It is stated in a letter from the Michigan Territory, published in the Salina Sentinel, that Wascana county, in that territory, which three years since contained not a single white inhabitant, has now a population of 3,000.

The largest Water Melon we have ever heard of, has been raised by Mr. Perry, of Hancock county, Georgia. It weighed forty six pounds—its circumference one way was three feet ten inches—the other way three feet and four and a half inches.

In Fairfax county, Virginia, Major James Sangster, of that county, raised a Turnip during the present season, which weighed four pounds, and measured twenty-four inches in circumference.

In Ohio, lately, a man wore his life against another, and then became his bail.

Halifax papers to the 14th August, state that the principal part of the wheat and oat harvest had been destroyed by the late heavy rains, succeeding a distressing drought. The crop of hay was almost entirely cut off.

Mr. D. Phelps, of Boston, has invented a new carbon lever printing press, which, it is said, is deserving the attention of men of science, and engaged those who are engaged in the printing business. It is to be named the "New England Press."

Doctor Abraham Stout of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, lately succeeded in restoring Mr. Jacob Mower of Bucks county to sight, after he had been blind some years. It is remarkable that Mr. Mower, his son and two daughters are indebted to this able oculist for their eyesight.

It is stated in an eastern paper, that sweet oil rubbed upon horses' furniture and upon horses' feet, will effectually prevent flies from swarming the one or biting the other.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says, "The North River Company having withdrawn their boats from the river, the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, have this morning started a new and elegant boat for Albany, called the Philadelphia. She has been built with a view of having her the swiftest boat in our waters."

Some excitement is caused in Hartford, Connecticut, by the proposed arrangements of the Steamboat proprietors. It is intended that the Oliver Edwards shall leave New-York on Saturday noon, and arrive in Hartford on Sunday morning.

The editor of the Richmond Enquirer has seen a sample of cotton of this year's growth, raised by a Mr. Storrs, of Hanover. It was the earliest that has been raised on the north side of James River, and appeared to be of excellent quality and of fine staple.

THE ATTENTION OF THE CITY COMMISSIONERS is respectfully solicited to the situation of Branch street. In consequence of the decay of the water pipes and the anking of the pavement the water is left to stagnate, which, in conjunction with the effluvia of decayed vegetables, &c. thrown into these ponds, is highly disagreeable to the OLFACTORY.

The interesting melo-drama called Blood and Honor, or the Battle of the Plains, written by Mr. Colingbourne, will be performed this evening—Mr. Stoker, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Blackley, takes the part of clown. Miss and Madame Robert will go through their wonderful performances. Besides there will be a display of various feats of Horsefanship.

THE KILLER OF THE TRAVELLER. BY BRANT. When Spring to woods and waters around, Brought bloom and joy again, The murdered traveller's bones were found, Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant hush, above him, hung Her tresses in the sky, And ready a Vernal fountain springs, And calmly, careless, lay.

The red bird sang, as if he wrought His longing mood over his head, And leeches, near the fatal spot, Her young the partying led.

But there was weeping for a way, And gentle eyes, for love, And with gentle moan an anxious day, Gave sorrowful and low.

EPICURAM ON A TAX GATHERER. When Mr. Winter, (one of those lucky individuals on whom fortune never frowns,) obtained the assessorship of taxes, he happened to go into a coffee room where the author of "Sayings and Doings" was amusing the company with his wit. As Mr. W. approached him, the wit addressed his friends with this impromptu:

Here comes our friend Winter, Assessor of Taxes, He's a fortunate man, he gets what he craves, He's one year further for your bumping and hammering, For the Winter's his name, his proceedings are common.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE. ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST. Ship Hancock, McLarin, St. Petersburg, 25 days, mdo. Brig Arcturion, Davis, Casper, mdo. Brig Arcturion, Davis, Casper, mdo. Brig Arcturion, Davis, Casper, mdo.

Ship Columbia, Pett, Liverpool, 24 days, mdo. Brig Arcturion, Davis, Casper, mdo. Brig Arcturion, Davis, Casper, mdo. Brig Arcturion, Davis, Casper, mdo.

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PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION. No. 73 Market street, a few doors above Second. PACKAGE SALE. On Thursday morning, the 26th inst. At 9 o'clock, 20 bales of cotton, for approved railroad.

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